DEATH
IS ONLY THE
BEGINNING
The Mummy Zine

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themummyzine

Thank you for picking up a copy of this zine! This project has been a labor of love for the past several months, and we are all so excited to share it with you!

The Mummy is a film near and dear to our hearts. When it was released 25 years ago, we each were walking a different path. Some of us were adults with jobs or classes and saw it in theatres; others were very small (or perhaps not even born yet) and it fueled a strong childhood obsession with ancient Egypt. No matter the introduction, it brought us all together here: in 2024, with a deep love of ancient Egypt and adventuring stories, admiring the cast for their features as much as for their fantastic characterizations.

It has been a joy to venture on this path together to bring you this, the crown jewel of our accomplishments. So cuddle up with your cat for safety, and light a lamp. Keep an eye on the shadows, and venture forth! Be careful not to read aloud from the book, however, for remember:

DEATH IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

24

Familiar Faces, Unfamiliar Names

Written by HopeStoryteller

They lived, somehow.

Caught up in the excitement of returning a living mummy to the grave, it didn't sink in *just* how close Evelyn Carnahan and her brother, and whatever Rick O'Connell is to her now, all were to dying. Not until now, when the three of them stumble out into the desert at perhaps inadvisable speeds, and it occurs to Evy that *everyone* else caught up in this mess died. The Americans and their poorly-paid laborers, Rick's coworker Beni, Evy's own boss, Rick's other coworker (acquaintance? Friend?) Winston Havelock…

She doesn't know, not for sure, what happened to the strange man calling himself – and the late curator – members of a secret organization devoted to preventing Imhotep's return from beyond the grave. When she tries to ask after him on the way out, Rick goes quiet and Jonathan changes the subject almost as rapidly as he would for someone asking about their parents.

Evy never even learned his name.

(She's relieved, immensely so, to discover that man waiting for them with the abandoned camels. She's so relieved, in fact, that it entirely slips her mind to say anything before he rides off into the desert. Before she and Jonathan and Rick ride off in the direction of Cairo with rather more treasure than any of them expected to find and *without* the Book of the Dead or the Book of the Living, and almost certainly with Evy out of a job due to the recent death of her employer.)

When they return to the city, Cairo is – rather predictably – in chaos. It's a considerably less organized chaos than that of before, born of many people under Imhotep's control suddenly being freed from it all at once.

It's an improvement over the last Evy saw of Cairo. At least, amidst all the havoc being wreaked over the havoc wreaked previously, very few people take any notice of Evy quietly returning to her home, her brother and Rick trailing after.

Her cat notices, naturally. But strictly speaking, Cleo doesn't count as a person. Cleo is a cat, which means that she occasionally allows herself to be petted and snuggled by human hands but often prefers burying her claws and teeth into said hands. Still, Cleo does immediately start purring against Evy's legs.

Evy laughs and smiles, holds the door open for Rick, and gives Jonathan a withering glare when he asks what she's laughing about. Once he too is safely inside, Evy scoops up her very hungry cat and makes for the cabinet where she keeps Cleo's things.

"Hey there, kitty," Rick says, keeping step with her, carefully holding out a hand for Cleo to sniff. "We got him. Doubt your human would be here if we didn't."

Cleo begins to purr in Evy's arms. Somehow, she has the weird feeling that her cat knows *exactly* what Rick is talking about – *Cleo* has certainly never been any sort of guardian, or so she thought. And yet a week ago, a month ago, a year ago, she would have scoffed at the idea of a mummy coming back to life.

Yet that happened.

In all honesty, Evy's uncertain whether any of them *should* have survived this. But they did, and her home remains standing, and her small, sometimes-cuddly guardian of the underworld is giving her a very expectant look in anticipation of being fed.

"I rather doubt any of us would be," Evy says softly.

As it turns out, Cleo's rather more willing to put up with pets once she's been fed for the first time in... two days? Three? Certainly a good deal longer than she should have been left alone for, though Evy supposes that her neighbors were likely a little distracted by the horrors of Imhotep and therefore she can't fault them *much* for not taking care of her cat while she was busy being kidnapped. By a mummy.

Who first mistook her for the woman he'd died for and then decided to ritually sacrifice her to bring said woman back, something Evy was never particularly enthused about.

She isn't sure what *can* surprise her anymore. The mundanities of everyday life, in the aftermath of everything, certainly shouldn't. Yet she finds herself surprised, nevertheless, when Rick decides to stay overnight.

Jonathan, being both her beloved brother and the single most dramatic buffoon she has ever met, wasted almost no time in stumbling into the guest bedroom. Which is understandable enough – he always stays there – but also raises the question of where *Rick* will be sleeping.

There *is* an obvious answer. It is the sort of obvious answer that would raise eyebrows at best, and an obvious answer that Evy isn't sure *Rick* is any more comfortable with than she is, and so one thing leads to another and they end up drinking instead late into the night.

Evy isn't normally much for alcohol; she primarily keeps it in the house for her brother or for special occasions.

This is *quite* the special occasion. And quite the traumatic one.

She has her suspicions that she may have imbibed more liquor than Rick, at this point, but she lost count an hour ago. And frankly, all the alcohol stashed away in various places within her home will not be enough to unsee and unfeel and unknow some of her experiences over the past few days.

"You know what," Rick says eventually, "I'm all for drinking like it's the end of the world now it's *not* the end of the world, but it might be worth slowing down a little?"

"Mmmgh," Evy grumbles, but reluctantly sets down her wineglass regardless. "Does it – does it bother you?"

Rick raises an eyebrow. "What are we talking about here? I can think of at least ten things without trying and with my luck, what's bothering you is none of them."

"Never said it was bothering me too, you are making *assumptions* that you know *nothing about*."

"I'm wrong?"

Evy makes a face. Tells herself it's from the wine. "Does it bother you that... we sent him back to the afterlife, we *most certainly* sorted that out, but we caused the problem too. If we had only listened to… to…?"

She trails off, brow furrowing. She truly is inebriated if she can't recall that other man's name, though her memory hasn't failed her in a state like this before. Staring rather intently at nothing in particular in front of her, eyes narrowing, she tries to think. He's a member of the Medjai, a secret society that her own late mentor and employer had also been a member of, and... he had said quite a lot about what he was meant to do, and quite a lot about the purported crimes of one Imhotep that Evy at this point entirely believes, but now that she considers it further, she doesn't recall him ever saying much of *anything* about himself.

His name… must have slipped her mind, surely.

Surely Rick knows it, she thinks, focusing again on her drinking partner.

Only for him to speak first: "Hey, what *was* that guy's name?"

Evy stares at Rick, wide-eyed. He stares back. In retrospect, he has every right to be confused, he has no possible way of knowing the rather disjointed goings-on of Evy's own brain unless she says something about it, yet it still takes her several seconds to formulate a response that is not simply blinking at him like he had uttered those words in a language that she doesn't speak. She has her suspicions that he likely does not know a single language that they don't share, but that is rather beside the point and also a somewhat rude thought to have at such an hour about one of the reasons she is neither dead nor possessed by the spirit of Anck-su-namun.

Eventually, she remembers how to make her lips and teeth and tongue cooperate with each other, enough to utter something intelligible enough for the purposes of communication, which will simply have to do.

"I don't know," Evy says, very eloquently. "You don't know either. I don't like not knowing things."

Rick cracks a grin. "Really? Never would've guessed. Is that why you became a librarian?"

"Not *entirely!* Though it rather helps to continue your research when you cannot evict *yourself* from the premises after closing hours, and that's... that is not the point! The point is," she pauses, uncertain. "The point is, *how* do

we not know his name?"

"...Did he ever say it?"

"He must have," Evy says, considerably less certain of that than she was previously. "*Surely* he must have."

"Did we ever ask him for it?"

"I don't think I did, I was... rather more concerned with the living mummy as opposed to anything else at the time!" Evy frowns deeply. "I'm sure that Dr. Bey knew, but unfortunately we can't ask him, because he's *dead* and I likely don't have a job any longer and I honestly should likely be far more concerned about that than about this, and yet... *we don't even know his name.*"

"Whoa, hey, it's... it's been a long few days, we'll figure out one thing at a time."

Evy blinks hard. "We?"

"Well, if you want. I've got nothing better to do. Got nothing *else* to do, really." Rick sighs, leaning back against Evy's couch, putting his hands up behind his head. "We can ask him again if we see him again, and if we don't, oh well. Maybe your brother knows?"

If Evy were sober right now, she'd be more inclined to consider the fact that, when he wants to be, her brother is both a very competent individual and is considerably better with people than her – on the rare occasion, of course, that he isn't in the middle of swindling them in some way or another. She'd be a good deal more inclined to consider that, of the three people currently in this house, Jonathan is certainly the most likely to care for the typical social niceties of asking someone for their name or at the very least a basic introduction.

However, she is rather conclusively *not* sober right now. She loves her brother to death, she would (and has) done some *very* inadvisable things to keep him out of the trouble he cannot extricate himself from, but right now all she can think about is that it is *entirely* Jonathan's fault that her spare bedroom is occupied and that she had decided it would be a better idea to offer Rick something to drink before sorting the potential sleeping arrangements she is still ignoring.

And so, she scoffs, reaches for her not-quite-abandoned wineglass, and says, "He couldn't *possibly.*"

"Okay," Rick says, picking it up first, "but you've *definitely* had too much to drink."

She refuses to dignify him by acknowledging that fact out loud, but given how greatly her head spins when she attempts to snatch it back, she finds herself not exactly *objecting* when he all but carries her back to her bedroom, wishes her a surprisingly gentle good-night, and shuts the door behind him.

Officially, no one is quite sure *what* happened in Cairo during Imhotep's very brief reign, if it can truly be referred to as such, and nearly all of the actual inhabitants of Cairo are of course even less certain. For once in her life, Evelyn Carnahan isn't much inclined to inform anyone of the truth, not least of which because she's already not taken seriously as a woman in academia and few would actually believe her.

(In retrospect, the inquisitive part of her that continually gets her into trouble – though typically not trouble so far-reaching in consequence as that now buried with Hamunaptra – has to wonder if there are others in the field like Dr. Bey, those who deliberately obfuscate the truth behind matters in order to keep people like her off the scent of potentially world-ending consequences. If there are others, they're most certainly not happy with her, but the one thing she is certain of in retrospect is that Dr. Bey had not burned the map leading to Hamunaptra by mistake.)

It comes as a shock to Evy when she is informed that she is the most qualified individual to take over for Dr. Bey – at least temporarily – as apparently she is the only individual apart from him who understood his rather convoluted filing system to any usable degree. It does not come as a shock when Dr. Bey's body is discovered not far from the museum, though a part of her had fervently hoped the others might have been mistaken regarding his demise.

"You aren't surprised," notes the man who informed her of this, another employee at the Cairo Museum of Antiquities whose exact purpose here Evy has never been entirely sure of. He'd never gone out of his way to belittle her for being

a woman or for lacking the necessary experience to impress the Bembridge scholars.

"I wish that I was," she says softly, knowing all too well that she cannot tell him of the truth behind her mentor's death. "Truly, I—"

"You killed him," he says, almost casually, turning to look at her with a single raised eyebrow. "Didn't you?"

It would not be an exaggeration to say that Evy's heart leaps into her throat at the implication. She should deny it immediately, because she very much did *not* kill Dr. Bey. And yet, and yet, and *yet*. Her actions certainly led to his death, didn't they? If she had only known better, if she hadn't been so foolish as to read those words out loud…!

(The fact of the matter is that she did not know better. That, if Dr. Bey or the man from the Medjai had been more open about what not to do, she in all likelihood would have ended up doing it anyway but she at least would have known to be *careful*. She didn't know better, there was in fact a great deal of harm that could come from reading a book, and Imhotep might have killed him but it was her curiosity that brought back Imhotep to do the deed.)

"Pardon me?" she says eventually, because there is no possible way that he could know she was remotely involved, and if he did then he would know who was truly responsible.

"You did," he says, like those two words – or her hesitation before them – were a confession. "Dr. Bey would still be here if it wasn't for you. I will *die* before I see someone so selfish taking over for a great man like him."

And perhaps he would have said more, but it's then that the door opens, that Jonathan comes rushing in talking loudly about a problem with one of the exhibits. Rick's behind him, putting an arm around her shoulders protectively and ushering her out of the room while her fellow museum employee is distracted, and Evy has the distinct and rather strange feeling that she is missing something rather important.

It's rather puzzling to have a colleague who had previously afforded Evy the same amount of respect he'd afforded others suddenly turn on her. He's blocking Evy's attempts to take

over even temporarily at every turn, never mind that he seems more inclined to run the museum and everything it stands for into the ground rather than let her have anything to do with it.

She'd like to think that Dr. Bey wouldn't blame her for what happened, or that at least putting Imhotep back where he belongs would make up for getting him killed. She still wishes that he were here. She doesn't *think* that he would want this to be happening, that he would want his beloved museum to be on the verge of closure because one of their mutual colleagues has gotten some extremely insulting ideas into his head about Evy, but she'd had no idea that he was a member of the Medjai himself. She'd only heard the name referenced in the past-tense, before. She'd had no reason to assume the organization endured into the present day, least of all that someone she knew was a part of it.

Yet it doesn't occur to her, not until the only *other* known member of the Medjai inexplicably turns up at her home, that those two things might be connected.

"Good evening," he says, looking almost as out of place upon her doorstep as he had standing beside Dr. Bey. "I believe we have something to discuss. Might I come in?"

Evy blinks several times at him, trying desperately to think of what to say. She's only snapped out of it by her cat winding around her legs, and having to quickly snatch Cleo up before she rushes out into the city and has an unexpected little adventure of her own.

"I... suppose so?" Evy says uncertainly. "I'm still *very* sorry about Hamun—"

"Not here." He moves around her – only pausing to bestow a headpat upon Cleo. "Inside."

Dr. Bey was not the only member of the Medjai order among the staff of the museum. Furthermore, many of them are still very unhappy with the woman who awakened Imhotep. Her colleague numbers among them.

"But we… we fixed it!" Jonathan says, throwing his hands up in frustration. "Doesn't that matter?"

"It does," their Medjai friend (can they call him a

friend?) says evenly. “Not to all. Your colleague is among the latter.”

“I can leave,” Evy says, staring at her cat and wondering if Cleo will consent to being scooped up and embraced right now. “I’d rather that than have the museum fail.”

“That’s *bull*,” Rick says. “You shouldn’t have to—”

“No. You shouldn’t.” The fourth member of their group regards Cleo fondly, holding out a hand for her to sniff at. “He is acting without orders; I only learned of said actions as I was passing through, as our leaders have yet to come to a decision regarding our continual purpose, but I doubt that they will look kindly upon aspersions cast when there should be none.”

“Oh,” Evy says numbly. “Then I… do not have to uproot my entire life.”

It’s one thing to do it on her own terms. This wouldn’t be that at all.

“No,” he says. “You do not.”

He leaves with as little ceremony as he’d arrived, and neither Evy nor Rick nor Jonathan see him again in the weeks and months to come. Evy can’t help but notice, however, that the colleague so insistent that she had been entirely at fault in Dr. Bey’s death quietly resigns one day. She knows who is responsible.

Except… she didn’t remember to ask him for his name.

Neither did Rick, as she discovers upon having this realization while drifting off to sleep one night. And, well, she isn’t much inclined to go wake up her brother to ask if *he* knows.

Her name is Evelyn O’Connell now, and if she hears *one* more word about the Orb of Destiny she might actually start throwing things. But she’s married now, she and Rick were *meant* to be on their honeymoon… and then.

And *then.*

“...We forgot to get his damn name again,” Rick realizes,

after it’s all over. “Next time, Evy. *Next time* we’re remembering.”

“Next time,” Evy agrees, and kisses him, and tries not to entertain the sudden thought that it might take a miracle for either of them to learn that man’s name now. At the very least, if he has found his way back into their lives twice already, the possibility of a third time is rather more likely than not.

Honestly, this is growing rather ridiculous. They really *should* know his name by now. He doesn’t seem like the sort to laugh at Evy for going literal years without knowing, but Jonathan certainly will, and she has no desire to provide her brother with further ammunition to use against her. He already has a lifetime of various incidents where she was too curious for her own good, just as she has a lifetime of various incidents where *he* got himself involved in something that he absolutely shouldn’t have.

Evelyn O’Connell, former curator of the Cairo Museum of Antiquities, has almost finished clearing out her desk when the man from the Medjai walks in. She’s so focused on doing so, in fact, that it doesn’t occur to her that it’s *him* until he says, “Evelyn.”

Her head snaps up. “Oh! Hello. What are, ah... is there some new crisis?”

He stares at her. She stares at him.

“...I was under the impression,” he says, “that I would be asking *you* that question. You have resigned your position as curator.”

To tell the truth, Evy is... not sure whether to be impressed or concerned by the fact that he found out about that before her resignation had been publicly announced. She supposes that perhaps her former colleague must not have been the last of the Medjai among the museum staff.

“Ah,” Evy says. “Well, there… is no crisis this time, I’m afraid.”

He raises an eyebrow, clearly not deeming this explanation sufficient. Fair enough. She wouldn’t either.

“I’m pregnant,” she confesses. No one outside her family

– her brother and her husband – knows, though it'll be rather obvious soon. "Which isn't *directly* the reason I resigned, but it forced me to think about my work here. I love it, truly, but I scarcely have the time for… anything apart from work any longer. I want to *be* there for my husband, for my son."

"I see," he says. "My apologies for assuming, and my congratulations if you would accept it. I should take my leave, then—"

"Wait." Evy turns to him. "What…"

…She *cannot* just ask him his name, not outright, not now. Perhaps if she can convince Rick to do it, or Jonathan. Or perhaps introduce some of the museum staff to him and hope he introduces himself back in turn.

"Yes?"

"What would you say," Evy says carefully, "to staying a little longer this time? I'm sure Rick and Jonathan would be happy to see you as well."

He doesn't say *no*, at least, which is progress. And really, asking someone their name shouldn't intimidate Evy in the slightest, not after *Imhotep* and the horrors of workplace discrimination. But she's... tired, *very* tired, and there are exactly three other people in the world who have been through the same things that she has and lived to avoid telling the tale. She would really rather not burn her bridges with one of those three people over something so silly such as not knowing his name. She'd like to think that he'd be understanding, she really would.

People rarely *are* understanding if there is an opportunity for them not to be. Not for Evelyn O'Connell.

And so she spends the entire walk home trying and failing to think of a way to word her question, only to open the door to Jonathan and Rick in the living room. Rick looks past her, meeting her eyes with a desperate look. She shakes her head, as subtly as she can manage.

And then Jonathan opens his mouth. "Hey, Ardeth!"

Rick chokes on his own spit, a feat that Evy would be more worried about if she were not already shrieking at her brother, "You *knew*?"

"You didn't?" Jonathan asks. He takes in the look on her face. "...You *didn't*."

"No, I didn't," Evy says very wearily. She turns to Ardeth. "Hello. I'm very sorry. We have known you for *years* and neither Rick nor I ever caught your name, Ardeth…"

"Bay," he says, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Ardeth Bay."

"Nice to finally know who we saved the world alongside," Rick says, looking about as embarrassed as she feels.

"If it is any consolation," Ardeth says, a smile tugging at his lips, "I did not know *your* name until the incident with my colleague."

…Ah.

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The MOST favourite tea
of His Royal Majesty's Air Corp.
A PERFECT TONIC AGAINST;
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INFORMATION

Difficulty: 2
Prep Time: 5 minutes
Cook Time: 20 Minutes
Bake Time: 1 Hour 15 minutes
Total Time: 3 Hours 20 Minutes
Yield: ~24

Suitable Diet(s): Vegetarian, Pescatarian, Gluten-free
Dietary Restrictions: Contains dairy, coconut, and almonds

INGREDIENTS

Batter:
¾ cup shredded coconut
1 ⅓ cup semolina flour
½ cup butter or Ghee
2 Tbsp honey
⅓ cup granulated sugar
½ cup plain yogurt
1 tsp baking soda
¼ cup whole milk
Roasted almonds

Syrup:
2 cups water
1 ½ cup sugar
1 Tbsp rose water
1 Tbsp honey

Basbousa

Recipe by Aqueous Mutivity

This sweet treat is packed full of flavor and stays moist for several days. It's a perfect dessert to round off a hearty meal or a quick snack to boost morale.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 350 F° 175 C°
2. Add all batter ingredients to a large bowl and whisk until there are no chunks left.
3. Grease a 10" round pan with oil or Ghee.
4. Pour batter in and level it out with a knife, before cutting the desired pattern. Most often is cut with a star pattern.
5. Place one almond on each slice.
6. Bake for 1 hour-1 hour and 15 minutes or until a toothpick comes out clean.
7. While it is baking, place all ingredients for the syrup in a medium pot on high until it comes to a boil.
8. Once at a boil, lower the temperature to medium and reduce until thicker.
9. Pull the Basbousa out of the oven and immediately recut the design all the way to the bottom of the pan.
10. Then pour syrup over the entire cake, making sure not to leave any dry patches. Use all the syrup.
11. Cover and put in the fridge for 2 hours to let the syrup completely soak into the cake.
12. Optionally top with edible rose petals for flare. Serve room temperature or cold.

NOTES

Bake in a 10" round baking pan, but can be made in a 9x9 square baking pan.

Ennaharda

Written by varqworks

Sunrise. The bodies of Egypt are not buried deep. They are grasping distance. Ripping, stripping, shipping distance. Six figures under. My sleeping kings are your sideshow puppets. My ruined kingdoms are your new battlegrounds. Old histories turn into new treasures, blurred behind layers of greed. Locusts feed and feed and feed.

I remember the old glories, but also the blood. The sands flood. The Nile weeps, seeps. The years have barely changed. I bleed still.

Sunset. Riders under the moon. Holding back the centuries for centuries. I knew your fathers of old. Old, old, turquoise and gold. My people. Still living, giving. Invisible behind a thousand imagined riches.

The pyramids swallow light, tonight. Spite, blue-blooded and golden skinned, breathes sickly along the walls. Burying their sins, not deep, not deep. Let it all sleep. Do not dream in past tense. My people are present.

Stone cracks. The sands shift, a shiver down my spine. The flavour of old words in the air. The living shake the sleepers awake.

Darkness.

The sun sleeps. The sky weeps.

Dead Egypt walks abroad, restless. Your hunger for my past plagues the present. Plagues the people.

The sands storm, clawing the air, screaming past living skin. Old sins stir, whirring like scarab wings. Stings. A thousand tiny maws to tear at flesh, a giant desert-dry gasp, the past tries to swallow the present, the future. Burying. Burrowing. Boundless hunger, tearing at the land, the sand.

Old words stolen from old mouths. Old books in new cages. I plead. I bleed. What is left of living Egypt? Let dead Egypt sleep.

Sunrise. Once more it is Today.

But you will dream again of Yesterday.

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Discover your past life as a pharaoh's beloved with IMMORTAL LOVE. Its enchanting scent will keep you young and beautiful for all of eternity. It is bewitching, powerful enough to bring the dead back to life.

Its notes of cedar wood will keep you warm even in the cold embrace of Death; the oil of the juniper tree, fresh and enticing, will call your true love back to you. Finally, absolute of white lotus - a flower sacred for the Ancient Egyptians - with its rich fruity-floral scent will make you feel like a goddess.

Become you again with IMMORTAL LOVE!

The King of Clubs

Written by Laurelinde

The lights of The Golden Scarab glowed warm in the clement evening air. The sound of jazz music, clinking glasses, and convivial conversation spilled from the door as another patron entered. In the months since its opening, the club had gained a reputation for its tasteful mix of Egyptian and European entertainment and amenities. More than a few patrons came to gawk at the spectacle born in the wake of the surprise discovery of the lost treasures of Hamunaptra.

The new arrival paused to look around the establishment, his eyes drawn first to the musicians and dancers in fringe-covered dresses on the bandstand and the parties enjoying a late dinner alongside the ballroom floor. Gaming tables decorated in tasteful archeological motifs spread in a semicircle from the entrance around it, permitting view of the entertainment but at a discreet distance from diners. Off to the back he observed a sign marked "Cinema" and doors to reading rooms on the right.

He stopped fidgeting with the signet ring on his pinkie and smoothed his mustache and well-oiled hair, advancing towards the well-stocked bar to the left. The doorman nodded imperceptibly to a shadow across the room.

In the same spot eight months previously, a woman's voice rose in shock.

"You bought a what?!" Evelyn's words echoed in the empty space, the sound causing dust motes to swirl in the soft hazy sunbeams filtering through the shutters.

"Well, it's not *just* a casino – it'll have music, dancing, food, a room to show films—"

"And gambling! You know you have a problem, you know how irresponsible you are with money! Jonathan, how could you? This might be the worst thing you've ever done!"

"Ah but you don't know half the things I've done, old girl," Jon winked. He almost regretted the look of disappointment that crossed his sister's face. He'd seen it enough times before that he'd learned to shrug it off, but it cut him nonetheless.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, bud?" Rick interposed himself between his soon-to-be brother-in-law and the fuming Evy. "I haven't known you that long, but it seems like you don't have the best track record with financial decisions."

"True, true; it's a fair cop. But if I own the place, then anything I lose gambling, I earn right back again!"

"I don't think that's how that works," Rick replied, making one of his inimitable skeptical moues.

"Why would you do this, Jonathan? Why? You don't know how to run a business. You just want your own private club with cards and spirits and dancing girls and all of that?"

"Yes!" Jonathan exclaimed. "You make it sound like a bad thing! But, well… no, not only for that." He frowned and turned away to pace in an erratic circle. "The thing is, I need something to invest in - my time and my interest, as well as my money. You have the library, and the museum, and now your Bembridge Scholars—"

"They are not 'my' Bembridge Scholars!"

"You know what I mean! You have your studies, and you're brilliant! And Rick, you have —" he gave Rick an appraising look "— your muscles and guns and so forth."

"Jonathan—"

"Now, let me finish! And you both have each other and I'm very happy for the both of you, but lately Egypt hasn't particularly been filled with wonderful memories and experiences for me. Neither have a fair whack of the last decade, if it comes to it. It's been six weeks, and I've barely slept through the night once since bloody Imhotep lurched back into unlife. I thought, well, I thought perhaps I could make a place here to focus on the good things in life, and to forget about the bad, at least for a little while. And who knows, I might even make something of my life in the process."

"By taking people's money?"

"Well, I've lost plenty to the same kind of people; fair's fair, what?" Jonathan rejoindered cheerily. "Anyway,

gambling will be only a small part of it. I'm picturing a classy place where people of the world can come to relax and enjoy. I've spoken to a few of the chaps at the Gezira and the Turf Club and they were rather excited by the idea of somewhere quiet to read, or write, or what have you, among friends, when… well, when the ghosts of the past are rather too present.

"None of this strict membership stuff, mind you. Women will be as welcome as men, and no tolerance for seedy behavior. Locals, too: I won't make it one of these hoity-toity exclusive places closed to anyone but British officers or men who play quoits or some other silly thing. I might even allow the French."

"But how are you going to manage all this? You've never owned a business, you've never hired anyone, even."

"Well I never helped defeat an eternal mummy hellbent on destroying the world either, and I seem to remember we managed that all right!" Jon winced at the edge in his voice, and withdrew a few paces from his sister. "It's not as though I'll be doing it alone. I'm just bankrolling it, really – laying out my vision. You know Mouna over at the Ramses Theatre?"

"No."

"Yes."

Evy quirked an eyebrow at her betrothed with a smirk.

"No," Rick corrected himself. "Not since a long time ago. Er, what about her?"

"One night before we went on our little adventure, I found her out behind the back in tears with a nasty welt on her cheek. Seems old Monsieur Dupont is rather too heavy-handed with his people. I daresay more than a few of them might appreciate alternative employment. And the chaps in the band from the Alhambra have let slip that they don't always get paid on time. I won't even need to manage it all by myself – would you believe, Ahmed from the library recommended a fellow to me. Even our Medjai friend offered to find some solid gents to handle security."

"You told Ardeth before you told us?"

"No, I was rather surprised about that. I certainly didn't say anything, but he already knew. He seems to have eyes and ears everywhere. Not that I'm not grateful," Jon

concluded loudly, looking around the empty building in case a Medjai happened to be lurking implausibly behind a wall sconce. The silence was broken by a quiet whoosh of wings as a bird perched on the roof moldings took flight.

"Can you actually afford all this?"

"With the amount of loot we liberated from old Seti's tomb? I've got cash to spare."

"I had hoped you'd donate all the artifacts to the museum," Evy pouted.

"I know, old mum. I did let you take all the best bits, but a man has to make a living."

"Oh I do hope nothing ended up in the wrong hands. I hate to think of all that history lost on the black market, or in the hands of some disreputable person who thinks only Westerners can appreciate it."

"Actually," Rick said slowly, "I think Jonathan's little project might help with that after all…"

Back in the present day, the newcomer sidled up to the bar. "English?" the mustachioed man asked the barman. "You speak English, fella?"

"Of course, sir. Or French, if you prefer."

"Ha, I hope you don't take me for a frog," the man sneered. "Have you got any decent gin here? Gordon's, or Tanqueray? No, make me a Jack Rose, would you?"

"Very good, sir."

The sound of the ice in the cocktail shaker clashed against the voice of the singer and the band now performing a mellow ballad behind him. The man twisted his ring again as his eyes shifted to examine the other patrons at the bar. Only two others sat nearby, engrossed in some personal conversation. His shoulders relaxed. Fragmentary conversation floated past as other guests made their way around the club.

"–really their place? The ones who found all that gold in the desert?"

"Evidently. I wonder if–"

"–cursed."

"Let's just say I wouldn't tempt fate by putting all

these symbols of the pharaohs around. They probably invented all the rest of it to make—"

"—surprised his sister puts up with him."

"Well *I* heard—"

The bartender placed the drink noiselessly on the black and gold granite bartop and returned to drying and stacking glasses. His customer took an initial sip of the cocktail, followed by three longer swigs in quick succession. He plucked the skewer from the rim of the glass and pulled the cherry off with his teeth. Glancing again at the pair on the other end of the bar, he motioned to the bartender to approach.

"Yes, sir?"

"Owner of this place: Carnahan, isn't it?"

"Why do you ask, sir?"

"I'd like to make an appointment. I've a business proposition for him."

"I am sure if you send a letter, someone will be able to—"

"I don't know how long I'm going to be in town, you see. It really would be best if I could see him tonight." He reached into the inside pocket of his linen jacket to flash a packet of bills. "I could make it worth your while."

The barman frowned. "If your business is urgent, I will see what can be done," he said impassively. He motioned to a passing croupier and the two exchanged a few fervent sentences. Sweat beaded on the customer's hairline as the croupier eyed him appraisingly. She nodded at the barman and left.

The band had finished their previous number and struck up a lively new tune when the croupier returned. "Come," she instructed. "He will see you now."

The man followed the croupier up two flights of stairs to a corner room at the side of the building. She rapped smartly on the wood-paneled door. "Come in," rang a man's voice from the interior.

Jonathan lounged behind a desk, a ledger open on the blotter in front of him beside a tumbler of whisky. Rows of books covered most of the wall to his right. As the man entered, Jon gestured towards a leather armchair. "Welcome. I hope you are enjoying your visit?"

"So far, yes." The man sprawled into the chair. "Nice place you have here," he drawled in a slight antipodean twang.

"Excellent, excellent. I gather you have something you want to discuss with me, Mr.—?"

"You can call me Kingsley," the man replied. His lips curled into a smile which did not quite rise up to his eyes.

"Right, I see. Well then Kingsley, how can I help you?"

"You are Jonathan Carnahan, correct?"

"I have rarely denied it."

"And you found that old treasure out in the desert, eh?"

"Well, something like that, you could say. I won't bore you with all the details."

"Good. Then I take it you're the sort of bloke who can help a fellow countryman find his way to a bit of luck for himself, if you follow me."

"I'm not entirely sure I do, Mr. Kingsley."

"Are you telling me you don't have an ear to the ground about where an enterprising fellow might get his own pot of gold? The next Tutankhamun's tomb, or Hamunaptra, or what have you? And who to contact to shift the stuff once you've got it — I've got a few bits already, but there has to be more: better finds, worth a lot more."

"So are you looking for tips on where to excavate, or buyers?"

"Bit of both. The stuff I've got coming in now is all right, but nothing as fancy as what you or Carter dug up." He withdrew a tube from under his coat and produced a fragile papyrus. "This is just a taste. You help me sell this, and set me onto something bigger, I'll cut you in for ten percent of all of it."

"May I have a look at that? Seems to be in dashed good condition."

Kingsley's hand hovered over the papyrus before he nodded at Jonathan. "Mind the light."

Jonathan furrowed his brow as he examined the ancient paper through a magnifying glass. "Hmm… if I'm reading this correctly, it looks to be part of a prayer for good health. Middle Egyptian, I'd say."

"Beats me," Kingsley said, using his fingertips to pull the papyrus back towards him and tuck it into the tube. "I

leave that part to your lot. Sort of thing that might earn a few bob from a collector, though." He leaned over the desk with his elbows bent and his hands clasped. "So, what do you say we make a deal?"

"I think I can find the right place for it," Jonathan announced.

Kingsley was surrounded before he could so much as get to his feet. A central section of the bookcase swung open and Evy burst in with a face like a thunderstorm. Rick ducked through behind her, one hand already on his ever-present pistols. When Kingsley's eyes darted back towards the door from which he'd entered, he found the croupier and a taller woman standing stern and silent in his path. A shadow fell from the window as a tattooed man in dark clothing emerged on the small balcony, seemingly from thin air. Kingsley's throat constricted.

"So you're the thief who's been stealing from Bruyère's excavations – or one of them, anyway. Papyri and other objects have been going missing for years now."

"Don't you take that tone with me, young miss. Just who do you think you are? I don't know what you're talking about." He turned blazing eyes on Jonathan. "What are you trying to pull here, Carnahan?!", he spluttered.

"This would be my sister, Evelyn, who you may know as the Egyptologist who actually discovered Hamunaptra. This strapping fellow is her husband, Rick O'Connell. As for the others, well, they will be the people turning you and your little smuggling operation over to the relevant authorities."

"You bastard! You've got no proof of anything. How do you know I–"

"How do I know? I'll tell you, Mr. Kingsley, if that is your real name: the writing will tell me where it comes from."

"Of course, if you've got all the provenance papers to hand, we'd be delighted to see them," Jonathan added.

"Why, you…" Kingsley's hand twitched towards his pocket.

"I wouldn't do anything rash," Rick interjected, cocking his gun. "Not that I don't enjoy watching her tear strips off you, but you might as well hand over the scroll now." Kingsley's eyes followed Rick's imposing figure, now extended to his full height and breadth. His gaze on the span of

his adversary's shoulders, he held his hands away from his sides, palms out.

Evy stopped glaring at the smuggler long enough to pluck the scroll case from the desk and cast her studied eye over it. "This is from the workers' village at *Set maat* in the Valley of the Kings. I'm certain of it. It's a prayer to Meretseger from a 'Servant in the Place of Truth'."

Kingsley vibrated with fury, his face a florid shade of burgundy. "You'd turn me over for a measly bit of paper no one's cared about for thousands of years? What does it even matter to you?" the man snarled. "It's not as though these were kings for God's sake!"

"And the writing they've left behind can tell as much about how people lived in Egypt as a crown or a golden statue might – more, even! How dare you take this and deprive the world of it for your own petty greed?" Evy's eyes darkened with the zeal and fury Rick and Jonathan had come to love and fear.

"I think you can take him now, chaps," Jonathan said as Kingsley began to splutter. The three Medjai disarmed the thief of his knife and derringer and marched him through the door and down the back stairs.

Evy turned back to the papyrus with undisguised glee. "Oh, this is wonderful! Rick, Jonathan, look: this says that–"

"Evy, honey? You know I love you, but maybe don't read it out loud, ok?"

With the scroll safely tucked back into its case, the Carnahan-O'Connells followed the others downstairs to ensure Kingsley's handover passed smoothly. The Medjai leader himself, Ardeth Bay, waited outside for them.

"O'Connell, Carnahan, Evelyn – my greetings and thanks."

"Thanks for your folks having our backs there, again."

"I did say I would keep an eye on you, did I not?" Ardeth smiled.

Evy held the papyrus in her hand. "You're certain I can't keep this here at the museum? I would so love to study it."

"It must return from where it was taken, for now. I have sent Medjai already to Deir el-Medina to root out any other thieves and accomplices of this man. I will ensure the writing is kept safe in good hands; and I will suggest that

you and your staff at the museum be permitted to study all that they uncover there. You have my word."

Evy placed the tube into Ardeth's safe hands. As he instructed his warriors to take the now-bound Kingsley, Jonathan called after him.

"Say, I keep forgetting to ask: how did you know I'd bought this building in the first place? I thought I played it close to the vest."

Ardeth's grin flashed, as infuriatingly enigmatic as it was charming. "I cannot give away all of the Medjai's secrets, my friend."

As he strode off into the night, a falcon dove from above to perch on his now-gloved hand.

INFORMATION

Difficulty: 2
Prep Time: 15 minutes
Cook Time: 10 Minutes
Bake Time: 1 to 1.5 Hours
Total Time: 1.5 to 2 Hours
Yield: 8

Dietary Restrictions: Chicken can be removed to make the recipe Vegetarian.

INGREDIENTS

Rice:
2 cups (390g) rice
¼ cup (58g) Ghee or butter
2 Tbsp sour cream
¼ tsp nutmeg
½ tsp cinnamon
1 tsp salt
1 tsp pepper
½ tsp sugar

Chicken:
4-5 chicken breasts or other boneless chicken
2 Tbsp butter
2 Tbsp chicken broth
1 tsp salt
1 tsp pepper
½ tsp sugar

Liquids:
2 cups (480g) milk
2 cups (480g) chicken broth
½ cup (119g) heavy cream
2 bay leaves
½ tsp sugar

Meammar Rice and Chicken

Recipe by Aqueous Mutivity

A hearty and somewhat subtle meal that's as filling as it is delicious. A low effort hands off recipe, perfect for winding down after a long day digging in the sand.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Wash rice and then soak with fresh hot water for 20 minutes
2. While rice is soaking, sear the chicken in a large pan on medium-high heat with butter, salt, and pepper.
3. The chicken does not need to be fully cooked, just brown the outside. Once done pull off the heat and set aside.
4. Preheat the oven to 350˚F (175˚C)
5. Drain the rice and add all of the ingredients into the rice and mix with your hands to make sure it's evenly coated.
6. In the large pot place down just enough of the rice mixture to cover the bottom with a thin coat, then place the chicken fitting it in as closely as possible before using the rest of the rice to cover the chicken completely.
7. Pour the liquids carefully over top and add the bay leaves.
8. Place the larger pan in the oven then the pot filled with rice.
9. Add very water almost up to the brim and close the oven.
10. Bake until most of the liquids are gone and rice is fully cooked through about 1 hour to an hour and half.
11. Cut into the chicken and serve hot.

NOTES

Cook in a very large and deep oven safe container that can fit inside a larger oven safe raised pan to fill with water.

HEY! O'CONNELL!
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE I'VE GOT ALL THE HORSES!
HEY, BENI!
LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RI-VER!
HA-
WAIT..

The weight of waiting

Written by varqworks

It was hell to wait for the brief moments that she could steal away. An ache, every night he couldn't shade her from the burning sun of Pharaoh's ever-watchful eye. They had known, always, that it would burn them both at the slightest mistake, and he had always been ready to die for her. But when the time came to do so, nobody had asked for his opinion. They ripped the chance from him, turned his end into a shameful thing, floating uselessly a breath away from death, from her.

Eternal waiting.

For her, Imhotep could wait a thousand years. A million. He would wait until Ra's bright eye swallowed the stars, the sky, until nothing was left that could keep him away.

But oh the waiting, the waiting, it ached.

Locked away in a space too small to move, to breathe, to scream.

Choking on the blood of an absent tongue, broken fingernails tearing at stone and bone.

Yet it was still the waiting that ached the most. It followed him even when he awoke, gasping for air he didn't need. The curse had made him as Pharaoh; immortal, powerful.

Empty.

Taking and taking, for he was entitled to take.

Ah, the world would burn for making him wait.

A legacy of waiting. Generations of it that spanned the desert sands. Ardeth had never known a life without that waiting. His was an identity forged by fathers of fathers of fathers. Unshakable. The waiting was endless, would always be endless, because that was the only way it must be. Who was he without the waiting? He had never considered it, because to end the waiting would be to end everything.

It had given him such patience as sand dunes have. As Egypt herself has. Watching from on high, he had come to know the lines of his land like the contours of a mother's face. The hardships and the love etched into the ground itself. He hoped his watchfulness allowed her to rest, at least a little.

Bullets in the air, blood in the sand. The same greed witnessed by fathers of fathers of fathers, and he ached to intervene. But if they died in the doing, who would wait? And wait they must, because failure was too terrible to think of. If they failed, there would be more blood than anyone could stem, than anyone could have even imagined the world to hold. So they lived another day, another day, another day; all in silent waiting as people died, so the world at large may live.

Prison was a hell of a thing. They put you in a tiny box and you just had to wait there, staring at the wall. Sitting, staring, waiting, until your legs ache for lack of anything else to do. To liven things up, they brought Rick outside (God the sun was too bright after squinting in darkness), to exchange the old ache in his legs for a new pain in the neck. Blinking guilelessly at him and talking about the city of the dead like she knew anything about death at all.

And then they took him back inside until it was time for a different, much more literal, pain in the neck. Waiting to die.

A snap of rope against throat.

Still waiting to die. Floating uselessly a breath away from death, twisting in the air. Ridiculous, when all death did was wait around for him. At the tip of a bullet, at the end of a rope, in the depth of a desert, in the height of a battle-bourne fever. And he'd dodged it every time, but now, when he was waiting for it to show up, when he really didn't have any other choice, it didn't feel the need to hurry. Some deaths he'd dodged would have been slow, but perhaps none as agonising as the slow slip of rope along his neck.

God damn you, don't make me wait so long.

Waiting was hellishly boring. It would be worth it, of course, to see the look on Evie's face when he scared her, but for now it seemed like she'd never be done with her work. So he just lay there in the sarcophagus, arm around his newest friend's bony shoulders, and sighed a little as the drinks of the past hours produced a faint ache at his temples. He hated waiting, especially when there was something exciting to share.

She'd forgive the fright when she saw the box, he was sure.

Maybe he shouldn't tell her about where he got the box. … maybe he shouldn't have gotten it to begin with. But he just couldn't wait at the time. It had felt so important.

It had to be. After all this time, waiting for something to be worth it, hoping it was the next thing. And then the next.

The skeleton slipped a bit, leaning its head on his shoulder. At least his dead friend didn't have to worry about things like hangovers or being bored. Or people's disappointed faces every time he failed. He wondered what mum and dad would say if they knew he was still letting the side down. The famous explorer legacy, lost at the bottom of a bottle. He could shoot and read Egyptian just as well as… nearly as well as most others. So why did it feel like, for all the risks and the japes, for all of his trying to leave the world's dullness and consequences behind him, he was the one being left behind instead?

Evie always waited for him, though she really shouldn't. And of course he knew he'd wait for her.

It felt like she had been waiting her entire life. Ever since she was a child, the idea of the book was all of Egypt to her, a nexus point of life and death, past and present.

A childhood dream, of course, and one couldn't spend their life waiting for fairy tales. One busied themself in books, trying to ignore the crushing sense of being passed over. To love a thing so passionately, only to be told one was less than. Fairy tales were welcome, if ultimately a distraction. Unless your brother handed you a shimmering fairy wing in the form of a map. Two pairs of disbelieving, awestruck eyes, children digging in the sand pretending to find shards of pottery and bone. It's real, it's real.

Life and Death. Past and Present. Her father's love, her mother's life, her brother's hopes, her passion, her drive. The book meant nothing. The book meant everything.

She had never been one to wait around for things to happen to her. But now it felt as if that was all she had been doing, and the wait was finally over. Nearly. Even as she ran headlong towards her goal she had to wait. Just a little longer.

Just a little.

So close.

So close to a beginning

So close to death.

So close to life.

So close to the end.

ANGUS
NICKLAUS

INFORMATION

Difficulty: 1
Cook Time: 15 Minutes
Total Time: 15 Minutes
Yield: 2

Suitable Diet(s): Vegetarian
Dietary Restrictions: Coconut and nuts
Dietary Substitutions: Swap milk and heavy cream for a choice of non-dairy to make Vegan.

INGREDIENTS

Drink:
2 cups (480) whole milk
2 Tbsp heavy whipping cream
2 Tbsp cornstarch
3 Tbsp granulated sugar
½ tsp rose water
½ tsp vanilla extract

Topping:
Desiccated coconut or substitute with finely chopped coconut
Chopped pistachios
Chopped almonds
Cinnamon
(Optional) Rose petals

Sahlab

Recipe by Aqueous Mutivity

Dessert nights can get cold even next to a campfire. Next time you're feeling the chill, reach for this drink rather than the mysterious rum you might have forgotten about at the bottom of your bag for a better tasting treat.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. In a medium saucepan bring the milk to a boil.
2. In small bowl add the rest of the ingredients for the drink and whisk with a fork until there are no lumps.
3. Once milk is boiling slowly add cornstarch mixture while whisking.
4. Keep whisking continuously until the milk becomes very thick, a little looser than pudding consistency (about 10 minutes).
5. Pull off the heat and immediately pour into 2 cups, top with the desired amount of each topping and serve. Sahlab can be served with a spoon or just drink it straight from the cup.

Death Becomes Him

Written by Jack Anthony

What mortals, across millennia, fail to understand
is that monsters, like martyrs, are *made.*

Forged by fearful men, fallible men—
Men, who will spread gold on a goddess
to covet her as treasure,
but refuse to let her shine.
Men, who will bear witness to a love
rare as a desert flower and crush it
beneath their heel before it can bloom.

But Imhotep is no *man.*

Mummy— *Monster*— maybe.
He smirks, feeling a scream shrink
on the tip of a borrowed tongue.
Creature, his country-man calls him. *It.*
And the words, like their weapons,
are insignificant as scarab in the Sinai.

For this body, cursed with purpose, held together
by desire and gore— this body is a vessel,
fuelled by feeling and the want of it.
For two thousand years, his heart has been consumed
by revenge, by scarabs, by Anck-su-namun.

And to hold her in canopic jars is *not enough*.

In life he worshipped the Gods, but in death
He walks amongst them. His love is a force of nature,
and he will raise the sands and seas to get her back.

He will unhinge his rotting maw, roar,
turn the very heavens black to morn her,
make rivers run red with the blood of men—
like those who made him, unmade by him—

and the mortal world will understand that
death, like love, can be a new beginning,
an act of creation.

If that makes him a monster, let him be
a monster. Let death become him.

by Windy Drawallday

INFORMATION

Difficulty: 2
Prep Time: 6.5 - 24 Hours
Cook Time: 20 Minutes
Total Time: 7 - 25 Hours
Yield: 3-4 servings

Suitable Diet(s): Kosher, dairy-free
Dietary Restrictions: Contains meat, and gluten
Dietary Substitutions: Scotch whisky can be substituted with an equivalent amount of apple cider, plus a drop of liquid smoke for a gluten-free, alcohol-free option
Couscous can be substituted with a gluten-free couscous or rice, follow the instructions on the packaging for the amount of water and the cook time

INGREDIENTS

Marinade:
½ cup (125mL) Scotch whisky
¼ cup (60mL) lemon juice
¼ cup (60mL) olive oil
2 Tbsp (30g) dijon mustard
4 garlic cloves, minced
2 Tbsp (35g) fig preserves
4 tsp (20g) kosher salt

Kebab:
1½ lbs (.5kg) sirloin beef
1 large red onion
2 poblano peppers

Couscous:
2 cups (500mL) water
1 Tbsp (18g) salt
1½ cups (250g) couscous
2 Tbsp (30mL) olive oil
½ cup (50g) golden raisins
1 Tbsp (15mL) lemon juice
⅓ cup (20g) parsley, chopped

Glenlivet-Marinated Campfire Kebabs

Recipe by Callieopes

Sure, it might be fun to polish off that bottle of Glenlivet you lucked into, but after a full day of adventuring and archeology, you need to eat! This quick and flavorful recipe is perfect to eat around the campfire while you chat and maybe get a little tipsy off the leftover whisky.

INSTRUCTIONS

Kebab:

1. Mix all the marinade ingredients in a sealable container.
2. Cut the sirloin into 1-inch (2.5cm) cubes, and add them to the marinade. Toss the meat to coat, seal the container, and put it in the refrigerator for 6–24 hours to marinate.
3. Once you are ready to make the kebabs, pre-heat your grill for high-heat (approx. 450˚F/˚C). If using bamboo skewers, soak them in water for at least 30 mins.
4. Chop the onion and peppers into roughly 1-inch (2.5cm) shapes. Remove the meat from the refrigerator and discard the marinade.
5. Skewer the meat and vegetables, alternating between them, with about 4-5 pieces of meat per skewer.
6. Cook over a grill for 8–10 mins, turning the kebabs occasionally.
7. Remove the kebabs from the grill, and let rest for 5 mins. before serving.

Couscous:

1. In a medium saucepan, bring the water and salt to a boil.
2. Add the couscous, olive oil, and raisins, stir, cover, and remove the pan from the heat. Let the pan sit for 10 mins.
3. Fluff the cooked couscous with a fork, and stir in the remaining ingredients.
4. Serve the couscous with the kebabs on top.

NOTES

Grill using approximately 12 metal or bamboo skewers. If you do not have a grill, you can use an oven. Pre-heat the oven to 375˚F. Line a baking sheet with tinfoil. Place the kebabs on the baking sheet, and cook for 20-30 mins, turning halfway.

INFORMATION

Difficulty: 2
Prep Time: 3 minutes
Total Time: 3 minutes
Yield: 1 serving each

Dietary Substitutions: Play around with non-alcoholic versions of the spirits called for!

INGREDIENTS

Hapi's Elixir (Lungs):
3 oz (90 mL) brewed Moroccan mint tea, chilled
1 sprig of rosemary
2 oz (60 mL) amaro
¾ oz (25 mL) lemon juice
½ oz (15 mL) simple syrup

Draught of Duamutef (Stomach):
3 mint leaves
1 oz (30 mL) brandy
1½ oz (50 mL) botanical gin
½ oz (15 mL) lime juice
1 can or bottle ginger ale

Infusion of Imsety (Liver):
1 oz (30 mL) lemon juice
½ cup (120 mL) water
2 oz (60 mL) pomegranate syrup
1 tsp (5g) tamarind paste
½ oz (15 mL) orange blossom water
.5 oz (15 mL) rose water

Qebehsenuef's Brew (intestines):
1 oz (30 mL) lemon juice
1½ oz (50 mL) bourbon
2 Tbsp (30 mL) fig preserves
1 can or bottle mild brown ale

Canopic Drinks

Recipe by Callieopes

INSTRUCTIONS

Hapi's Elixir:

1. Add all of the ingredients to the shaker with ice.
2. Shake until cold.
3. Pour into a highball glass, discarding the rosemary.

Draught of Duamutef:

1. Muddle the mint in the bottom of a rocks glass.
2. Add the brandy, gin, and lemon juice to the shaker with ice.
3. Shake until cold.
4. Pour into the glass and top with ginger ale.

Infusion of Imsety:

1. Add all ingredients to the shaker with ice.
2. Shake until cold.
3. Strain into a highball glass, discarding any remaining tamarind paste solids.

Qebehsenuef's Brew:

1. Add the first three ingredients to the shaker with ice.
2. Shake until cold.
3. Strain into a collins or beer glass, and top with ale.

NOTES

Use a cocktail shaker - a canning jar with leak-proof lid will do in a pinch, and a strainer - either a cocktail strainer, or a mesh strainer.

INFORMATION

Difficulty: 3
Prep Time: 30 minutes
Cook Time: 30 Minutes
Total Time: 1 Hour
Yield: 4 servings

Suitable Diet(s):
Pescatarian, Gluten-free, Kosher, Halal
Dietary Restrictions:
Contains finfish, dairy
Dietary Substitutions:
Catfish can be replaced with basa or tilapia, or firm tofu marinated in soy sauce for 1 hour. Butter can be replaced with grapeseed or canola oil.

INGREDIENTS

Blackened Catfish:
1 Tbsp (7g) paprika
1 tsp (4g) garlic powder
1 tsp (2g) thyme
1 tsp (2g) cumin
1 tsp (2g) coriander
½ tsp (1g) cayenne
⅓ cup (45g) toasted sesame seeds
1 tsp (6g) salt
4 catfish filets
¼ cup (55g) butter

Chickpea Succotash:
¼ cup (55g) butter
1 large shallot (or a small white onion)
3 garlic cloves, minced
1 red bell pepper, chopped
2 cans of chickpeas, drained and rinsed
1 cup corn kernels
1 Tbsp (6g) cumin
1 tsp (6g) salt
1 large tomato, chopped
½ cup (30g) parsley, chopped
1 lemon, cut into 4 wedges

Nile Ferry Dinner

Recipe by Callieopes

It's hard for a bunch of American country boys to feel comfortable so far away from home...but fortunately, some catfish caught fresh from the Nile, coated in a dukkah-meats-cajun-seasoning, served on top of succotash-like chickpeas is just the thing to cure homesickness. Just don't mind the slight char...things can get wild on a treasure hunt ferry trip.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix together all of the seasoning with the sesame seeds in a shallow bowl.
2. Coat the fish in the seasoning blend, pressing the seasoning into the fish. Set the fish aside and let sit for 30 minutes
3. 5 mins. before you are ready to cook the fish, melt the butter for the fish in a large skillet on high heat and pre-heat the oven to 225°F (°C).
4. Once the butter is melted and starting to smoke, lay the fish into the skillet. Cook until the seasoning is starting to char, about 3 minutes per side.
5. Remove the fish from the skillet, and place onto the baking sheet. Put the baking sheet into the oven until ready to serve.
6. Turn the heat to medium-high. With a paper towel, wipe the burnt seasoning out, then add the remaining butter. When the butter is melted, add shallots, bell pepper, and garlic. Cook until the shallots are translucent and the peppers are tender.
7. Add chickpeas, corn, cumin, and salt. Fry until chickpeas are crispy.
8. Stir in the tomato and remove from heat.
9. Plate the chickpeas, top with fish, and garnish with parsley and a lemon wedge.

Ma'Anck-su-namun

Written by Katia_Anyway

Ma'Anck-su-namun
Where did you go?
Why did you run?
Why didn't you help me?
I thought we were one, you and I,
Bond together,
Through death and beyond

Ma'Anck-su-namun
Millennia of waiting hurt less than seeing you leave
Being teared limb from limb hurt less than seeing you leave
Being eaten alive hurt less than seeing you leave
Being resurrected, without you,
without organs, without flesh,
Hurt less than seeing you leave

Ma'Anck-su-namun
Before I even had eyes, I went looking for you
Before I even had a heart, I went looking for you
Before I even knew where I was or why I was awake
I went looking for you
I have loved you through the end of my life,
And still love you through the afterward,
But…

Ma'Anck-su-namun
After all we've been through, I don't understand
We risked our lives, we did pay with our lives
Just to touch each other
What happened? What changed?
Did I disappoint you?
Did I not show you my love enough?
Ma'Anck-su-namun

You've been different, since we've been reunited
I thought it was because you didn't remember
That getting your memories back would bring our love back
But maybe I was wrong
Why else would you run?
Why else would you leave me?

Ma'Anck-su-namun
Even if I don't understand, I want what's best for you
I want you to be happy
I thought I could be the one to do so, to make you happy
But if you prefer to follow another path, to live a different life
I shall not stop you
May you live a happy life,

Ma'Anck-su-namun
But as for me, I don't think I will,
There is nothing I want,
No need for an undead army if I can't lead it with you,
No need to rule the world if I can't rule it with you,
If it's not for you, If it's not with you
I have no need for a life at all.

Home Is Where The Heart Is

Written by wingsyouburn

When Evy mentioned a family home in England, Rick didn't think much of it. He pictured some cozy cottage in the countryside, a path lined with flowering bushes, steaming cups of tea, and piles of Evy's books. Like the place they shared in Cairo, only with grass in the yard and rolling hills in the background.

A sprawling ancestral mansion never crossed his mind.

Returning to England was inevitable. The Bembridge Scholars – who once scorned Evy for her lack of field experience – all but begged her to work for them at the British Museum. With Evy's dreams so close at hand, of course Rick would support her. His soldier days were behind him. He could be a good, upstanding citizen and dutiful husband who doted on his brilliant wife.

That didn't mean he was prepared for the mansion before him now. At all. The foyer alone encompassed their Cairo flat. A large staircase curved upwards to the second floor and beyond. A sitting room branched off to the left.

"Uh, Evy?" Rick set their suitcases on the floor with a loud clatter. "Are you sure you've got the right place?"

"Don't be silly, darling." Evy waltzed in beside him, a smile tugging at her lips as she glanced around. "It's good to be home."

Home. For a long time, home to Rick meant little more than a roof over his head and food in his belly, and there were times when he lacked even that. Now, his home was beside Evy. As long as they were together, nothing else mattered. One would think that Rick would learn to expect the unexpected when it came to Evy, but she still managed to stop him in his tracks.

Even now, she shone among the age and dark woods of the mansion, the lace of her shawl floating around her shoulders and her skirt swirling around her legs. Rick found himself staring, as he always did, wondering again how this wonderful, frustrating woman decided to take him as her own.

"Rick?" Her voice broke him from his reverie. "What's the matter?"

He scratched the back of his neck. "You could have mentioned all of – this." He waved to the foyer.

"The house?" She blinked at him. "I told you we had a place here."

"It's a mansion."

"Well, yes."

"I was thinking a house." Rick gestured with his hands. "Something, you know, smaller?"

Her brow wrinkled. "Oh. It is a bit bigger than what we had in Cairo, but you'll get used to it." She looped her arm through his and leaned on her toes to kiss his cheek. "Perhaps I should show you around?"

"We can start there." Rick had no idea what he'd do with that much space. Unlike Evy – who had books and journals and collections galore – he didn't need a house this big. He'd gotten so used to functioning on almost nothing that to have it all now was more than he could ask for.

Yet he couldn't deny the light in Evy's eyes as she pointed out each room to him: a sitting room, a formal dining room, the kitchens. She introduced the household staff like they were her old friends, kissing the cook on the cheek, asking the butler about his grandchildren.

"And this," she said, nudging Rick forward, "is my new husband, Rick."

The butler bowed his head to him. "Mr. O'Connell, it's a pleasure."

"Just Rick is fine." Rick smiled, hoping to put the man at ease. It didn't work.

"I hope you find the house to your liking, Mrs. O'Connell," the butler continued.

"Harvey, I know you've done well!" Evy beamed at him. "We'll let you know if we need anything." She guided Rick out of the room and up the stairs. "You'll have to excuse Harvey, he's always been a bit uptight," Evy whispered to Rick. "But he's worked here since my father was a child and

he's got a bit of a soft spot for me."

"And just how did this" — Rick gestured to the mansion — "come about, anyway?"

Evy beamed. She loved to tell him stories, and Rick loved to listen. "It's been in my father's family for generations."

"Gathered that, thanks." Obviously the building had been around for a while. "But weren't your parents in Egypt?"

"My *mother* was from Egypt," Evy corrected, "my father was from London. Both with a passion for history and archeology. Jonathan and I practically grew up on dig sites and museums."

Hence why she'd worked at the Museum of Antiquities and knew the curator, and why the Bembridge Scholars sought her knowledge now. "Did they like to read ancient books and bring back the dead, too?" Rick asked.

She elbowed him. "Of course not."

"Dad came from money, then." Expeditions weren't cheap. The Carnahans wouldn't need help financing their adventures, it seemed. Rick and Evy passed a portrait, the frame alone worth more than Rick owned.

The couple staring back at them matched the stuffiness of the mansion. The man had Jonathan's jaw but Evy's determined stare. The woman's hazel eyes matched Evy's. Rick wondered what his in-laws might have thought of him: a former soldier, a criminal, a complete scoundrel, in Evy's own words.

Evy tugged him down the hallway, freeing him from his thoughts. Rick married Evy, not her parents, nor their stuffy antique mansion. "This is the family wing," Evy continued, turning right. "We can stay in my room, of course, but if you'd rather pick another, there's plenty empty spaces."

"How many rooms does this place have?" Rick muttered.

It was a rhetorical question, but Evy answered anyway. "Ten or twelve per wing, I forget the exact number. In the past, there used to be many members of the Carnahan family staying here."

"And now?" Rick halted her in her tracks, lopping an arm around her waist and drawing her into his larger frame.

Evy wrapped her arms around his neck. "I suppose, unless Jonathan decides to settle down, it'll be up to us to continue the family line."

Rick leaned in. His mouth hovered over Evy's. "They'd be O'Connells," he reminded her.

"And Carnahans." She bridged the gap between them, pressing her lips to his.

Something crashed down the hallway. Metal clanged against metal. Cursing spilled from an open door on the far end.

Rick reached for his hip, drawing the pistol he kept there. He edged in front of Evy and trained it at the door.

"Don't be ridiculous." Ignoring the pistol completely, Evy swatted Rick's arm aside. "For gods' sake, no one's here to rob us."

"Given all the expensive stuff you have?" Rick raised an eyebrow. He'd have looted the mansion twice over before anyone knew he was here. He loved Evy, but sometimes her naivety got the best of her.

She strutted ahead, as determined as when she'd faced Imhotep in Hamunaptra. "Hello? Is someone there?"

"Evy?"

Both of them recognized that voice. Rick holstered his pistol. Evy propped her hands on her hips. "Jonathan," she muttered, with both annoyance and affection.

Out stumbled Jonathan Carnahan, pants wrinkled, three buttons of his shirt undone, the others mismatched and haphazardly fastened. "My dear, sweet baby sister!" he exclaimed. Jonathan ran a hand through his hair. It did nothing to tame the wild strands. "When did you get back?" His gaze shifted to Rick. "O'Connell."

"Jonathan." Rick nodded back.

Evy peered around the door. Jonathan scurried back, arm slung across the doorway like he had something to hide. "Just a while ago," Evy said.

"I thought you were still in Cairo," Jonathan said. "And would be for some time."

"The Bembridge Scholars requested her," Rick supplied. Then he glanced at the gilded doors along the hallway. "And apparently she didn't mention the whole giant mansion she has here."

"We," both siblings quipped.

"The house was willed to us both," Evy explained. "And we'll pass it down to the next generation. These are Jonathan's rooms."

Jonathan grinned, lopsided and cocky. "Tough luck, newlyweds with a roommate. Luckily there's plenty of space,

ey, O'Connell?" He wiggled his eyebrows.

Rick's face split into a wide grin as he chuckled. Like hell he would tell Jonathan anything about his love life with Evy — nor would he hide it from the man, either. "So it seems," he said. Rick wrapped an arm around Evy, pulled her in, and pressed a kiss to her shoulder.

She laid her arms atop his and held him to her. "And you've interrupted Rick's grand tour," Evy chided. "Is everything alright in there?"

"Of course!" The words came too quickly, even for Jonathan. "Nothing to worry about at all!"

Evy narrowed her eyes. Jonathan swallowed, hard. "Are you alone?"

"Of course I am — Evy, what sort of man do you take me for?"

Another voice called from his suite. "Johnny? Are you coming back to bed?"

Evy's eyebrows shot up. Rick didn't miss a beat. "Tough luck, ey, Jonathan?" He grinned. "Having to share a house with newlyweds."

"Jonathan." Evy sighed, dragging his name out like only a little sister could.

"What?! I was supposed to have the place to myself! *You* were supposed to be in Cairo! I—"

Planting both hands on his chest, Evy shoved Jonathan back into his room. "Ugh!" She scrunched her nose at him. "Take care of your… company," she said. "I suppose you won't be joining us for dinner?"

Sputtering, Jonathan stumbled, grabbing onto the wall. "We haven't — I don't know—"

"Good evening, Jonathan." Rick closed the door, ending the conversation.

Then he tucked his wife against him and kissed her temple. "Leave him be," Rick murmured. "Where do we stay?"

She melted into him, her hand pressed to the small of his back. "This way."

Similar to their apartment in Cairo, their suite included a private sitting room, a built-in fireplace, with a fur rug and a chaise lounge. Another portrait of a woman with Evy's features hung on the far wall. A doorway opened into the bedroom beyond.

"I know it's not quite what you imagined," Evy began, "but if you want to change the furniture, or rearrange things, or even switch rooms within the mansion—"

"Evelyn." The sound of her full name on his lips silenced her. "It's perfect."

Her brow furrowed again. "You're sure?"

"Of course it is." Rick cupped her cheeks, staring down into expressive brown eyes. It reminded him of those first moments together in Hamunaptra, when Ardeth's people attacked in an effort to get them to leave. Evy stared up at him much the same way then. With kindness, trust, and hope.

And now, with love in those eyes too.

"You're here," Rick reminded her softly. "Sure, I might not have thought you'd come with all of this" — he waved to the room around them — "but that doesn't change anything for me."

He leaned his forehead against hers. "I married *you*, Evelyn. You and your giant heart and even bigger mind. I don't care where we live as long as it's with you." Though Rick did have to admit, having a mansion was an unexpected perk. "I love you, and whatever happens next, we'll handle it like we always do: together."

"Oh, Rick." Evy beamed. "I love you too."

Rick O'Connell would follow his wife to the underworld and back again if it meant he got to spend forever at her side. No one could stand in their way — not undead mummies, pompous scholars, or giant mansions.

He was home.

Weddings
O'connel-Carnahan
Dear Old Mum!
Much love,
Jonathan

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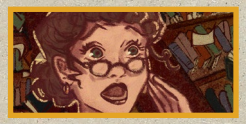

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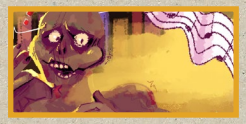

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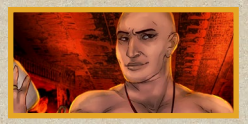

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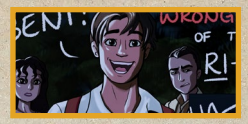

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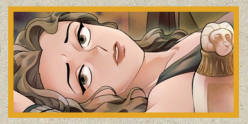
Helhorn Art

HelhornArt



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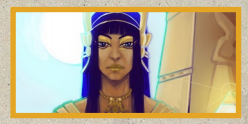

Merlin Maglore

kalgalen

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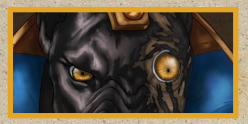

Opellisms

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Rion

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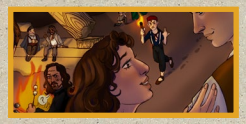

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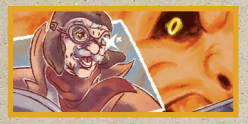

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ALT CREATORS

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Aqueous Mutivity

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Cosplayer

BitterSweet Cosplay

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WRITERS

Familiar Faces, Unfamiliar Names

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HopeStoryteller

Death Becomes Him

Jack Anthony

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Ma'Anck-su-namun

Katia_Anyway

katia-anyway
Katia_Anyway

The King of Clubs

Laurelinde

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Ennaharda + The weight of waiting

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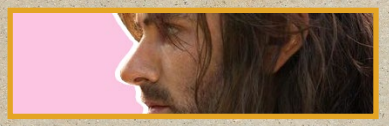
Home Is Where The Heart Is

wingsyouburn

wingsyouburn

MOD TEAM



Shrapnel

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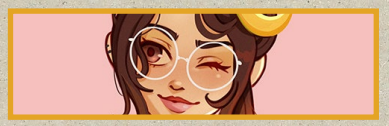

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